Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heavenly Picture.
Iſt like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſſe
To ribb her ſeare-cloth in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I thinke in ſilver ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O ſinfull thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my out-ſide to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your anſwere had not been inſcrold.
Fare yee well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Port.

Port. A gentle riddance,
Let all of his complection cho

Enter Salarino

Sal. VVhy man I ſaw *Ba*
VVith him is *Grationo* gone
And in their Ship I am ſure
Sola. The villaine Jew wi
VVho went with him to ſea
Sal. He came too late, th
But there the Duke was give
That in a *Gondylo* were ſeene
Lorenſo and his amorous *Ieſ*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified th
They were not with *Baſſan*
Solan. I never heard a paſ
So ſtrange, outragious, and
As the dogge Iewe did utte
My daughter, ô my Ducats,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my
Iuſtice, the Law, my Ducats,
A ſealed bagge, two ſealed b
Of double Ducats, ſtolne fro
And Iewels, two ſtones, tw
Stolne by my Daughter: Iu
Shee hath the ſtones upon h
Salar. Why, all the boy
Crying his Stones, his Daug
Solan. Let good *Anthoni*
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Solar. Marry well reme
I reaſoned with a Frenchm
Who told me, in the narro
The French and Engliſh, to
A Veſſell of our Countrey r
I thought upon *Anthonio* w
And wiſht in ſilence that it
Sol. You were beſt to te

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH